

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall,
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's Mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize,
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perlis past and honors won—
"Where's Mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her smile,
For the rest of her embrace,
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say—
"Where's Mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry—
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's Mother?"

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

Children in aiding their parents can only do little things, but these little things are as important to their success in life as some greater things be to the success of older people.

There is nothing counts more in the little affairs of life than being prompt and being patient. Do not be slow when you are needed, and do not be irritable when things do not go as you expected. If things do not meet our expectations we can do the best we can to overcome any feeling of disappointment and hope they will be better next time.

Almost everything great comes from small beginnings. There is an oak tree in every acorn and a chestnut tree in every chestnut and an apple tree in every apple seed. A chestnut burr may hold four trees and an ordinary apple six apple trees. Nature puts wonderful things in small packages.

Read what has been said of little things:

"Little things console us because little things afflict us."
The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

It is little accomplishments which make girls and boys grow into useful men and women. The little things they are taught in juvenile and youthful years prepare them for all the occupations and duties of life.

Do not get grumpy over trifles, but tackle the little things of life with interest and strive to do things satisfactory not only to yourself but satisfactory to others.

Do not hold little things of small value since drops of water make the ocean and tiny mineral crystals make the mountain.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Florence Gallup of Moosup, The Campfire Girls in the Mountains.
- 2—Ruth E. Spaulding of Danielson, The Boy Scouts of Lenox.
- 3—Katherine Gorman of Versailles, The Campfire Girls on the March.
- 4—Thomas O'Connell of Norwich, The Boy Scouts Mountain Camp.
- 5—Grace Mahoney of Colchester, The Campfire Girls at the Seashore.
- 6—Florence Meyer of Tatfield, The Campfire Girls in the Woods.
- 7—Myrtle Dupree of Colchester, Miss Pat and Her Sisters.
- 8—Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs, Miss Pat at School.

The winners of books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Florence Sullivan of Willimantic: I received the prize book you sent me and like it very much.

Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs: I thank you for the prize book you sent me, and I am enjoying it very much.

Lucy A. Carter of Hampton: I send

many thanks for the prize book I received. I have read some of it and find it very interesting.

Orin Whitehouse of Mansfield Center: Thank you very much for the prize book I have read it all through and find it very interesting.

Agnes E. Schreier of Stafford Springs: Thank you very much for the prize book, Miss Pat and Her Sisters. I have not read it, but know it will be good.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: I thank you ever so much for the nice prize book you sent me. I read it and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A District School Eighty Years Ago.
A district school of eighty years ago was in an open place formed by cross roads. It was a small building of one story and had one apartment. The schoolhouse contained four windows, two on each side. The door was facing the road and had a low step. There were no pictures and paint on the walls as we have today.

The schoolhouse was built for thirty pupils, but fifty went to it. Opposite of the door was a huge fireplace four or five feet wide. A long slanting shelf, as one thing, a desk, and the seats were made of slabs without backs. The larger pupils sat on the sides of the school, and the smaller pupils sat near the fireplace. Some married men and women came to school. About one dozen of the younger pupils could not read. The same amount didn't know their alphabets. The teacher got from ten to twelve dollars a month and his board. He boarded on the district.

Colchester. MYRTLE DUPREE.

Choosing Your Subject.

First you must see your subject in its entirety. Ask yourself, "What is this?" and "If you have not as yet selected a subject, study your subject from all sides until you can see how to narrow it to certain definite dimensions. Now you have set a sort of fence around your subject. Nothing outside must enter, but nothing inside must escape. The length of the composition you are to write usually helps you decide on the limits of your subject. If you are writing a book on Africa, you must include all of that title. If you are writing a book on exploration, civilization, and Christianization. But if you are writing a very short theme on the subject of Africa, you must limit the subject matter to narrow limits.

After having selected your title, decide into what divisions the subject naturally falls. For example: "A Ball Game" is not a definite title. Instead of this, choose a definite title. If these rules are followed you ought to have a nice story.

East Norwich, N. Y. BREHAUT.

Geese.

Geese have been domesticated for ages, having been held in great favor with the ancient Egyptians, as is evidenced by their being frequently seen in the tomb paintings. As an article of food they are more highly esteemed in the old world than on this continent, and it is not until you take the first place among poultry.

The flesh of the geese is highly valued in this country, and has a peculiarly rich flavor. As an article of food they are more highly esteemed in the old world than on this continent, and it is not until you take the first place among poultry.

Geese will live to a great age—an elderly geese are proportion to the brief time required for them to reach maturity.

Great numbers of geese are raised in Holland and some portions of England and France.

In the migration of wild geese they are much like the wild ducks, but ranks unbroken, being guided by their leader.

There are few, if any, birds that migrate so fast, which makes them profitable to raise, while their principal food being grass, little expense is required in raising them.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT.

A Little Boy.

One could tell at a glance that he was a country lad. He was ten years old, I should judge, and about four and one-half feet tall.

He had large blue eyes and a pug nose, very much freckled. His mouth was wide and his ears were large and pointed. He had a few dark curls on his head, and his hair was a ruddy brown.

He wore a pair of old faded overalls which were rolled up to the knees. The pockets in the overalls were stuffed with bits of straw, and he carried a piece of line hung from his pocket.

The overalls showed signs of mending in many places, and by the looks of the mending I think it must have been done by one of his sisters who was inexperienced in mending. Instead of a buckle on one of the shoulder straps a pin was used.

The shirt which he wore was probably one made from his mother's. It was dark blue and evidently had seen its best days. The sleeves were cut off above the elbow and showed very freely.

He wore no necktie and his shirt was left unbuttoned at the neck. His hat was a size too large and pieces of straw were wanting in several places. He wore no shoes, and his feet and legs were tanned and dirty. His legs were

scratched in several places and around his right foot was wound a cloth which was once white but now dirty.

This little country lad, dressed in old clothes, who breathes the fresh country air, is far happier than the richest boy dressed in the best clothes.

FLORENCE M. MEYER, Age 13.

The Horse.

Horses are many colors—red, white, chestnut and sorrel. Their heads are round and long. Their ears are shorter than a mule's. Some horses have long manes. If a horse is fed well his stomach will be large and his sides will stick out and make him look almost round. Some horses have bob tails and others have not. Some horses have long legs. Horses have four legs; their hoofs are round. Some are larger than others.

My father said he saw a horse that took a number eight shoe. Some horses are quick and others are slow. Some can pull larger loads than others. Some will do tricks. Once I heard some company we had say they had a horse that would kill five men with its hoofs.

He would turn a grindstone and chew tobacco. There are three kinds of horses, trotting horses, working horses and driving horses.

People use horses to do teaming, plowing, harrowing, cultivating, drawing road scrapers, snaking out trees and pulling out stones near the house. That would stay and break the windows if blasted. Their food is oats, grass, hay, corn and hops.

ELLERY PRATT.

Moosup.

Birds have wings and can fly. They are covered with feathers. There are many different kinds of birds. Some of them are the owl, hawk, ground squirrel, sparrow, eagle, quail, partridge, swallow, robin, hummingbird, woodpecker and many others.

Owls live in hollow trees and only come out at night. They eat mice and will catch and eat ducks and small geese.

Hawks make nests up high in trees. They will catch and eat young chickens. Ground sparrows make their nests on the ground. Their eggs are spotted.

Brush sparrows make their nests in bushes. Eagles live on mountains or some high place where people cannot go. Quail and partridge make their nests on the ground.

Chimney swallows make their nests under the eaves of barns. Chimney swallows make their nests in chimneys.

Robins make their nests in trees. Their eggs are blue. Hummingbirds are very small and are many different colors. They make their nests in trees.

Woodpeckers live in old hollow trees. They get insects for food out of the trees.

GLADYS YOUNG.

Moosup.

Damon and Pythias.
There once lived in Syracuse two young men, who were very good friends and were hardly ever apart. Now it happened Pythias aroused the anger of the tyrant Dionysius, who put him in prison and said he should be condemned to death in a few days.

When Pythias heard this he was very much troubled. His old mother and his sister lived far away from Syracuse and he wished to go to his sister's marriage. Damon asked the tyrant if he could go to prison while Pythias made the journey and Dionysius consented.

Pythias hurried home, found a husband for his sister and got his mother settled. Then he started back, but on the way he was attacked by thieves and bound to a tree. After a few hours he wrenched himself free and ran as fast as he could to make up for lost time. He came to a river over which the bridge had been destroyed, but he swam across.

In the meantime the tyrant had taunted Damon and tried to convince him that Pythias had not meant to return and would willingly let him die. In his stead, but Damon knew Pythias would be true to his friend. When the last hour had come Damon was bound and taken out to be killed, but just then Pythias came rushing up and throwing his arms around his friend's neck, told him why he had not come before.

Dionysius saw the loyalty of the two friends and shared by their unflinching trust in each other let them go free.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13.

A Dream.

One day after I got a lot of work, I retired to my room. I had a wonderful dream and I think you would like to hear it. I dreamed I was captured by the Indians. They made me work very hard. I had a ring of gold beads around my neck and a ring on my finger and the Indian chief took them from me. I cried very much but it did not do me any good.

That afternoon the whole Indian tribe began hunting. I was very lonely, some, no one was in sight. I thought I would have a good chance to run away from them. I ran down the road very fast and saw a little log cabin in the distance.

When I approached it I saw a woman. I felt scared first, but the woman seemed very kind to me. I felt hungry and she gave me some milk and a piece of cake. I liked it very much. I told her the whole story and when one of the Indians came up and grabbed me, I was very much frightened, and he was going to kill me for running away.

Then he got me to the wigwam, the Indian chief was very cruel to me. The more I cried the more he would hit me.

They put me in a barrel and rolled me over the mountains. I was just going to drop from a high cliff when I saw a light. I was very glad it was only a dream.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 14.

Thanksgiving at Grandma's.

One night I came home from school. My mother told me she had received a letter from my grandmother and that she was coming to see us for Thanksgiving. I was very glad. As the next day was Thanksgiving I got up early in the morning and helped get ready. My father was going with us.

The ride to grandmother's was lovely. A light snow had fallen and the fir trees looked like Christmas until we got out and the snow melted. It was rather chilly so we wrapped up warm and enjoyed the ride.

When we got there grandmother was just getting ready for dinner. It snowed so good. Before dinner I looked around the farm and played with my cousins. We had a very good time. At 1 o'clock we had dinner. It seemed as if there was everything we could want. We had turkey, carrots, turnips, puddings, pies, fruit, nuts and home-made candy.

We were all so happy. Everyone had a lot to tell or a story to tell. Dinner all helped wash the dishes and all too soon came the time for us to go home. We had enjoyed our Thanksgiving day.

GRACE MAHONEY, Age 11.

Adventures of Four Grains of Corn.

Once upon a time many of us were together in a bin in a grain store. One day a farmer came and bought

a bag of corn. My three brothers and I were lost near the store.

We were picked up by some children. The children planted us in their backyard. They took good care of us. Many days later, when the dog was out, but we straightened up and grew again.

We grew up tall and are now in blossom. In the autumn we will be ripe.

STELLA ELLICK, Age 13.

Versailles.

Telegraphing by Fire.
The firing of signal guns was telegraphing by sound. It used only the hearing. But there were other ways of telegraphing that used the sight. These have been known for thousands of years. They were known even to savage people.

The Indians on the plains use fire to telegraph to one another. Sometimes they build one fire, sometimes they build many.

When a war party, coming back from battle, builds five fires on a hill the Indians who see it know that the party has killed five of the enemy.

The Indians have also what are known as smoke signals. On Indian who wishes to send a message to a party of his friends, he goes to a hillside and builds a fire. When it blazes, he throws an armful of green grass on it and this causes the fire to send up a stream of white smoke hundreds of feet high, which can be seen 50 miles away.

Among the Apaches one column of smoke is to call attention; two columns say, "All well, and we are going to remain in this camp;" three columns or more are a sign of danger and ask for help. Sometimes longer messages are sent.

After building a fire and putting green grass upon it, the Indian spreads his blanket over it. He holds the edges to shut the smoke in. After a few moments he takes his blanket off, and when he does this, a great puff of smoke, like a balloon, shoots up into the air. This the Indians do over and over again. By the number of these puffs, and the length of spaces between them, he makes his meaning understood by his friends many miles away.

At night the Indians smear their arrows with something that will burn brightly. One of them draws his bow and just as he is about to let his arrow fly, another one touches it with a torch. The arrow blazes as it shoots through the air, like a fiery dragon. One burning arrow follows another, and those who see them read these fire signals, and know what is meant.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Age 14.

Norwich.

What Mrs. Squirrel Thinks.

The old apple tree in the corner by the lane is hollow. There is a hole in the trunk of it. Mrs. Squirrel lives there. Here lives a little family of squirrels. One day Mr. Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as he could, and said to his wife when he was safe in his hole again, "I was afraid I should not reach home alive!"

"Have these boys been throwing stones at you again?" "Stones?" repeated Mr. Squirrel. "Why, they were rocks. They were as big as apples."

"Rocks are bigger than apples," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Still I must say it is a shame."

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel, who was really angry. "And our dear little ones are not yet big enough to hunt for nuts. They must starve if you didn't come home."

"Boys don't think of that," said her husband. "You are so little and they are so big."

"You don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel. "Don't they know how to think?" asked his wife. "They are stupid little boys, after all."

"They think it is fun to see me run," said Mr. Squirrel. "And that seems to be all the thinking they are able to do."

"That is like a baby," said Mrs. Squirrel. "It is very sad to grow up to be stupid," said Mr. Squirrel.

"I am glad our children know more than that."

Mr. Squirrel whisked his tail over his head and took up a nut from a pile in the corner. Mrs. Squirrel was not thinking about his dinner.

"Poor boys," said she. "How dreadful it is to be so stupid as not to be able to think!"

KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 10.

Versailles.

The College of the City of New York.

The College of the City of New York is situated on 138th street and Convent Avenue. The college is situated on a high hill and can be seen from a distance. It is of Gothic architecture.

The buildings are made of field stone and terra cotta finish. They are very beautiful on sunny days. The tallest building in the group is called the Great Hall, in which is a very large organ.

An addition to these buildings is a stadium recently built. It is made of cement and it is used for all field sports. In the morning the sun casts a very beautiful shadow on it. It is very large.

In the center of the college is a campus. On this the boys eat their lunch and study. It is a very large place in the center, and all around it are benches of stone.

GEORGE BENENSTOCK, Age 15.

New York City.

A Wild Duck.

After my dinner I went in the backyard to feed the chickens. Just as I got to the coop I heard a terrible noise. I reached and got a stone and threw it down where the sound came from and to my surprise I saw a wild duck with white wings and a very long neck. I chased after it, but it flew in the air. I went through swamps and muddy places and we got a raft on it. I shot at him, but I was not a good shot. I never got the wild duck, but I was very glad I had more time I will try again.

TALBOT WHITE, Age 12.

Stafford Springs.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Bennie, My Pet.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am very anxious to have the boys and girls who write letters for The Bulletin know about my wonderful day.

He is only eight months old, and is large for his age. His hair is quite long, and is white, brown, and black. When he smiles he shows his teeth. Everybody thinks he wants to bite, but he feels pleased to see them.

He runs, jumps and plays with me. He goes and gets the cows every night, and he will get them alone. He will shake a very low bow in his paw and make a very low bow when he wants to be polite.

I asked him what he was thankful for on Thanksgiving. He said he was thankful for his mother and father. He said he was thankful for his mother and father. He said he was thankful for his mother and father.

Bennie is a great sport, and I wish all the cats to tell or a story to tell. RUTH ELLA SPAULDING, Age 9.

Danielson.

How Elizabeth Got Lost.

Dear Uncle Jed: Have you ever heard this story? One stormy afternoon Elizabeth was downstairs. She thought she would make her aunt a visit. While she was out the snow grew so deep and it became so dark, that she lost her way. By and by

she fell down in the snow and went to sleep.

At home everyone was worried about her. Her father and two brothers took their lanterns and started to search for her. Many days later, when the dog was out, but we straightened up and grew again.

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